

far as to free those who willfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

Mr. Mason—I understand that.

Mr. Brown—I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and all times. I hold that the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.

Lieut. Stewart—But you don't believe in the Bible.

Mr. Brown—Certainly I do.

Mr. Vallandigham—Where did your men come from? Did some of them come from Ohio?

Mr. Brown—Some of them.

Mr. Vallandigham—From the Western Reserve? None came from Southern Ohio.

Mr. Brown—Yes, I believe one came from below Steubenville, down not far from Wheeling.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you been in Ohio this summer?

Mr. Brown—Yes, sir.

Mr. Vallandigham—How lately?

Mr. Brown—I passed through to Pittsburgh on my way in June.

Mr. Vallandigham—Were you at any county or State fair there?

Mr. Brown—I was not; not since June.

Mr. Mason—Did you consider this a military organization, in this paper (the Constitution)? I have not yet read it.

Mr. Brown—I did, in some sense. I wish you would give that paper close attention.

Mr. Mason—You considered yourself the Commander-in-Chief of these 'provisional' military forces.

Mr. Brown—I was chosen, agreeably to the ordinance of a certain document, Commander-in-Chief of that force.

Mr. Mason—What wages did you offer?

Mr. Brown—None.

Lieut. Stewart—The wages of sin is death.

Mr. Brown—I would not have made such a remark to you, if you had been a prisoner and rewarded in my hands.

A Bystander—Did you not promise a negro in Gettysburg twenty dollars a month?

Mr. Brown—I did not.

Bystander—He says you did.

Mr. Vallandigham—Were you ever in Dayton, Ohio?

Mr. Brown—Yes, I must have been.

Mr. Vallandigham—This summer?

Mr. Brown—No, a year or two since.

Mr. Mason—Does this talking annoy you?

Mr. Brown—No, sir.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you lived long in Ohio?

Mr. Brown—I went there in 1850; I lived in Summit county, which was then Trumbull county; my native place is in York State; my father lived there till his death, in 1845.

Mr. Vallandigham—Do you recollect a man in Ohio named Brown, a noted counterfeiter?

Mr. Brown—I do; I knew him from a boy; his father was Henry Brown; they were of Irish or Scotch descent, and he had a brother also engaged in that business; when boys, they could not read or write; they were of a very low family.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you been in Portage county lately?

Mr. Brown—I was there in June last.

Mr. Vallandigham—When in Cleveland, did you attend the Fugitive Slave Law Convention there?

Mr. Brown—No, sir.

Mr. Vallandigham—I was concerned in taking eleven slaves from Missouri to Canada last winter. I spoke there publicly on that subject. I spoke of the Fugitive Slave Law and my own rescue. Of course, so far as I had any influence at all, I was disposed to justify the Oberlin people for rescuing the slave, because I have myself forcibly taken slaves from bondage. I was concerned in taking eleven slaves from Missouri to Canada last winter. I think I spoke in Cleveland before the Convention. I do not know that I had any conversation with one of the Oberlin rescuers. I was sick part of the time I was in Ohio with the ague. I was part of the time in Ashtabula county.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you see any thing of Joshua R. Giddings there?

Mr. Brown—I did meet him.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you converse with him?

Mr. Brown—I did. I would not tell you, of course, any thing that would implicate Mr. Giddings; but I certainly met with him, and had conversations with him.

Mr. Vallandigham—About that rescue case?

Mr. Brown—Yes, I did; I heard him express his opinions upon it very freely and frankly.

Mr. Vallandigham—Justifying it?

Mr. Brown—Yes, sir; I do not compromise him certainly by saying that.

A Bystander—Did you go out to Kansas under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Society?

Mr. Brown—No, sir; I went out under the auspices of John Brown, and nobody else.

Mr. Vallandigham—Will you answer this: Did you talk with Giddings about your expedition there?

Mr. Brown—No, I won't answer that, because a denial of it I would not make, and to make any affirmation of it, I should be doing violence to my conscience.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you had any correspondence with parties at the North on the subject of this movement?

Mr. Brown—I have had correspondence.

A Bystander—Do you consider this a religious movement?

Mr. Brown—It is, in my opinion, the greatest service a man can render to God.

Bystander—Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence?

Mr. Brown—I do.

Bystander—Upon what principle do you justify your acts?

Mr. Brown—Upon the Golden Rule. I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them; that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you, and as precious in the sight of God.

Bystander—Certainly. But why take the slaves against their will?

Mr. Brown—I never did.

Bystander—You did in one instance, at least.

Mr. Brown—The other wounded prisoner, here said, in a firm, clear voice, you are right. In one case, I know, the negro wanted to go back.

A Bystander—Where did you come from?

Mr. Brown—I lived in Ashtabula county, Ohio.

Mr. Vallandigham—How recently did you leave Ashtabula county?

Mr. Brown—Some months ago. I never resided there any length of time; have been through there.

Mr. Vallandigham—How far did you live from Jefferson?

Mr. Brown—Be cautious, Stephens, about any answer that would commit any friend. I would not answer that.

Stephens turned partially over with a groan of pain, and was silent.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Mr. Brown)—Who are your advisers in this movement?

Mr. Brown—I cannot answer that. I have numerous sympathizers throughout the entire North.

Mr. Vallandigham—In northern Ohio?

Mr. Brown—No more than any where else; in all the free States.

Mr. Vallandigham—But you are not personally acquainted in northern Ohio.

Mr. Brown—Not very much.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Stephens)—Were you at the Convention last June?

Stephens—I was.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Brown)—You made a speech there?

Mr. Brown—I did, sir.

A Bystander—Did you ever live in Washington city?

Mr. Brown—I did not. I want you to understand, gentlemen—and to the reporter of the *Herald*, you may report that I want you to understand, that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people, oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward, except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for those in distress and greatly oppressed as we would be done by. The cry of distress of the oppressed is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here.

A Bystander—Why did you do it secretly?

Mr. Brown—Because I thought that necessary to success; no other reason.

Bystander—And you think that honorable? Have you read Gerrit Smith's last letter?

Mr. Brown—What letter do you mean?

Bystander—The New York *Herald* of yesterday.

In speaking of this affair, mentions a letter in this way:—Apropos to this exciting news, we recollect a very significant passage in one of Gerrit Smith's letters, published a month or two ago, in which he speaks of the folly of attempting to strike the shackles off the slaves by the force of moral suasion or legal agitation, and predicts that the next movement made in the direction of negro emancipation would be an insurrection in the South.

Mr. Brown—I have not seen the New York *Herald* for several days past; but I presume from your remarks about the gist of the letter that I should concur with it. I agree with Mr. Smith that moral suasion is hopeless. I don't think the people of the slave States will ever consider the subject of slavery in its true light till some other argument is resorted to than moral suasion.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?

Mr. Brown—No, sir; nor did I wish it; I expected to gather them up from time to time, and set them free.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you expect to hold possession here till then?

Mr. Brown—Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate my strength in supposing I could have been taken if I had not allowed myself to be so.

Mr. Vallandigham—You were there at the beginning of the open attack—in delaying my movements through Monday night, and up to the time I was attacked by the government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families, and the community at large, and had no knowledge of the shooting of the negro (Heywood).

Mr. Vallandigham—What time did you commence your organization in Canada?

Mr. Brown—That occurred about two years ago, if I remember right. It was, I think, in 1858.

Mr. Vallandigham—Who was the secretary?

Mr. Brown—That I would not tell if I recollected, but I do not recollect. I think the officers were elected in May, 1858. I may answer incorrectly, but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds, and my memory obscure on dates, &c.

Dr. Briggs—Were you in the party at Dr. Kennedy's house?

Mr. Brown—I was the head of that party. I occupied the house to mature my plans. I have not been in Baltimore to purchase caps.

Dr. Briggs—What was the number of men at Kennedy's?

Mr. Brown—I decline to answer that.

Dr. Briggs—Who lanced that woman's neck on the hill?

Mr. Brown—I did. I have sometimes practised in surgery when I thought it a matter of humanity and necessity, and there was no one else to do it, but we have studied surgery.

Dr. Briggs—It was done very well and scientifically. They have been very clever to the neighbors, I have been told, and we had no reason to suspect them, except that we could not understand their movements. They were represented as eight or nine persons, on Friday there were thirty or forty.

Mr. Brown—There were more than that.

Q. Where did you get arms to obtain possession of the armory? A. I bought them.

Q. In what State? A. That I would not state.

Q. How many guns? A. Two hundred sharp-shooters and two hundred revolvers; what is called the Massachusetts Arms Company's revolvers, a little under the navy size.

Q. Why did you not take that swivel you left in the house? A. I had no occasion for it. It was given to me a year or two ago.

Q. In Kansas? A. No, I had nothing given me in Kansas.

Q. By whom, and in what State? A. I decline to answer. It is not properly a sword; it is a large rifle, with a pivot. The ball is larger than a musket ball; it is intended for a slug.

Reporter of the *Herald*—I do not wish to annoy you. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better tell your people of South—bringers, your selves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared, the better. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—this new question, I mean; the end of that is not yet.

These wounds were inflicted on me—both shire cuts on my head and bayonet stabs in different parts of my body—some minutes after I had ceased fighting, and had consented to a surrender, for the benefit of others, not for my own. (This statement was vehemently denied by Mr. Brown.) I believe the Major (meaning Lieut. J. B. Stuart of the United States Cavalry) would not have been alive; I could have killed him just as easily as a mosquito when he came in, but I supposed he came in only to receive our surrender. There had been loud and long cries of "Surrender!" from our own ranks, and we could yell, but in the confusion and excitement, I suppose we were not heard. I do not think the Major, or any one, meant to butcher us after we had surrendered.

An officer here stated that the orders to the marines were not to shoot anybody; but when they were fired upon by Brown's men, and one of them killed, they were obliged to return the compliment.

Mr. Brown insisted that the marines fired first.

An Officer—Why did you not surrender before the attack?

Mr. Brown—I did not think it was my duty or interest to do so. We assured the prisoners that we did not wish to harm them, and they should be set at liberty. I exercised my best judgment, not believing the people would wantonly sacrifice their own fellow-citizens, when we offered to let them go on being allowed to change our position about a quarter of a mile. The prisoners agreed to vote to let themselves be taken across the bridge with us. We wanted them only as a guaranty of our own safety, that we should not be fired into. We took them in the first place as hostages, and to keep them from doing any harm. We did kill some men in defending ourselves, but I saw no one fire except in self-defense. Our orders were strict not to harm any one not in arms against us.

Q. Brown, suppose you had every nigger in the United States, what would you do with them? A. Set them free.

Q. Your intention was to carry them off, and free them? A. Not at all.

A Bystander—Do you set them free would sacrifice the life of every man in this community.

Mr. Brown—I do not think so.

Bystander—I know it. I think you are fanatical.

Mr. Brown—And I think you are fanatical. "Should the gods would destroy, they first make mad," and you are mad.

Q. Was it your only object to free the negroes? A. Absolutely our only object.

Q. But you demanded and took Col. Washington's silver and watch? A. Yes; we intended freely to appropriate the property of slaveholders to carry out our object.

It was for that, and for that only, that we, with no desire to enrich ourselves with any plunder whatever.

Q. Did you know Sherrod in Kansas? I understand you killed him. A. I killed no man except in fair fight; I fought at Black Jack Point and Osawatomie, and I killed anybody, it was at one of those places.

Brown's Appearance. The reporter of the Baltimore *American*, who gives a lengthened account of a conversation with Capt. Brown, in which Senator Mason and others took part, prefaces his report with the following sketch:—

"After some little delay, we were introduced in the room where Brown and Stevens lay. Brown was a rather peculiar shaped head, long gray hair, which at this time was matted, the bare cut in his head having caused blood to flow freely, to the complete disfigurement of his face, which, like his hands, was begrimed with dirt, evidently the result of continued exposure to the smoke of powder. His eyes were of a pale blue, or perhaps a sharp gray—much such an eye as I remember his brother Silvester, Walker, to have. During his conversation, he reported, no sign of weakness was exhibited. In the midst of emotions, whose home he had invaded; wounded and a prisoner, surrounded by a small army of officials, and a more desperate array of angry men; with the gallows staring him full in the face, he lay on the floor, and, in reply to every question, gave answers that betokened the spirit that animated him. The language of God. We well expressed his boldness when he said, 'He is the greatest man I ever saw.'"

CARD FROM HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

While coming to this city, on Saturday, I first read a telegraph dispatch from Washington, saying that John Brown (the prisoner captured at Harper's Ferry), refused, in the presence of Senator Mason and Messrs. Vallandigham, to answer the question, whether he had consulted Mr. Giddings about his Virginia expedition?

It is evident that the object of these gentlemen was not to obtain facts on which to predicate a charge of crime, or of any immoral or dishonorable act. Had such been their object, they would not have consulted what was not a fact; but they proclaimed their suspicions, and by such insinuations and innuendoes, seek to impugn the character of one who was not present.

I do not feel called upon to reply to such attempts to cast reproach upon myself. I say to these questioners, *Gentlemen, I am your peer.* I have served my country as long, and I hope as honestly, as either of you; and you know, and the country knows, that any question you may propound to me touching the Government, its past or present position, will be frankly, promptly and fully answered, to the extent of my knowledge and belief; and I pronounce this attempt to assail me dishonorable, unworthy of your positions, unworthy of honorable men.

But you must not expect to escape the responsibility of your own conduct by this assailing one who has for years cautioned you of the results that must follow the efforts of yourselves and party to extend slavery, and your determined purpose to involve the people of the Free States in the disgrace and crime of supporting an institution which all honest and independent men of those States repudiate. No man of our nation has done more than one of you to produce the results which have recently attracted the attention of the people. They are the immediate and unmistakable effects of the efforts of yourselves and party to establish slavery in Kansas. Murderers there were rewarded by executive appointments to office. Brown's sons were the victims of that despotism which your party exerted in favor of that institution which the people abhorred.

These facts do not rest on suspicion, nor on the refusal of a victim to answer any question. They rest upon the records and the history of the government itself. No evasion, no tergiversation, can change the enduring truths to which I refer. And you would better subserve the public good by extending your influence and occupying your time in correcting the evils you and your party have brought upon the country, than by vain efforts to involve others in the crimes which you and your associates have committed.

No, the public will say, that Brown never consulted me in regard to his Virginia expedition, or any other expedition or matter whatever.

J. R. GIDDINGS.

Girard House, Philad., Oct. 24, 1859.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 28, 1859.

THE TRAGEDY AT HARPER'S FERRY.

We have devoted a large portion of our present number to the publication of such particulars of the well-intended but sadly misguided effort of Capt. John Brown and his score of confederates, at Harper's Ferry, to liberate the slaves in Virginia, and ultimately throughout the South, as have been received; with the comments of various Democratic and Republican journals upon this outbreak, which are characterized by an equal mixture of ferocity and cowardice.

As to the plot itself, it is evident that few or none were privy to it, except the little band directly engaged in it; for though Capt. Brown had many sympathizers in his different parts of the country, in view of his terrible bereavements, perils and sufferings in Kansas, in defence of the freedom of that territory against Border Ruffian invasion, and were disposed to contribute not only to relieve his necessities, but also to facilitate the escape of slaves through his instrumentality to Canada, still an enterprise so wild and futile as this could not have received any countenance in that direction.

As to Capt. Brown, all who know him personally are united in the conviction that a more honest, conscientious, truthful, brave, disinterested man, (however misguided or unfortunate,) does not exist; that he possesses a deeply religious nature, powerfully wrought upon by the trials through which he has passed; that he is sincerely believes himself to have been raised up by God to deliver the oppressed in this country, in the way he has chosen, as did Moses in relation to the deliverance of the captive Israelites; that when he says, he aims to be guided by the Golden Rule, it is no cant from his lips, but a vital application of it to his own soul, "remembering those that are in bonds as bound with them"; that when he affirms, that he had no other motive for his conduct at Harper's Ferry, except to break the chains of the oppressed, by the shedding of the least possible amount of human blood, he speaks "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"; and that if he shall be put to death, he will not die ignominiously, but a martyr to his sympathy for a suffering race, and in defence of the sacred and inalienable rights of man, and will therefore deserve to be held in grateful and honorable remembrance to the latest posterity by all those who glory in the deeds of a Wallace or Tell, a Washington or Warren. Read his replies to the interrogatories propounded to him by Senator Mason and others! Is there another man, of all the thirty millions of people inhabiting this country, who could have answered more wisely, more impressively, more courageously, or with greater moral dignity, under such a trying ordeal? How many hearts will be thrilled and inspired by his utterances! Read, too, his replies in court with reference to his counsel! Where shall a more undaunted spirit be found? In vain will the sanguinary tyrants of the South, and their Northern minions, seek to cover him with infamy.

"Courts, judges can inflict no brand of shame, or shape of death, to shroud him from applause; For, by the logic of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, and by the principles enforced by this nation in its boasted Declaration of Independence, Capt. Brown was a hero, struggling against fearful odds, not for his own advantage, but to redeem others from a horrible bondage, to be justified in all that he aimed to achieve, however lacking in sound discretion. And by the same logic and the same principles, every slaveholder has forfeited his right to live, if his defence be necessary to enable him to break the yoke of bondage; and they, and all who are disposed to aid them by force and arms, are fully warranted in carrying rebellion to any extent, and securing freedom at whatever cost.

It will be a terribly losing day for all Slavesmen when John Brown and his associates are brought to the gallows. It will be sowing seed broadcast for harvest of retribution. Their blood will trumpet-tongued from the ground, and that cry will be responded to by tens of thousands in a manner that shall cause the knees of the Southern slave-mongers to smite together as the knees of those of Belshazzar of old! O that they might avoid all this by a timely repentance!

The New York *Journal of Commerce*, with its characteristic mendacity, says that the *Liberator*, last week, proffered an ominous silence upon the Harper's Ferry rebellion! Now, the truth is, that we spoke of it as a wild though well-meant effort, adding—

"Our views of war and bloodshed, even in the best of causes, are too well known to need repeating here; BUT LET NO ONE WHO GLORIES IN THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE OF 1776 DENY THE RIGHT OF THE SLAVES TO IMITATE THE EXAMPLE OF OUR FATHERS!" It was all the comment we could find room to make, because of the pre-occupation of our columns; but in the longest article upon the subject, what more could we say to define our position on the one hand, or to rebuke the hypocritical villany of the *Journal of Commerce* on the other?

JOHN BROWN, AND HIS MOVEMENT.

The telegraph has reported, and the periodical press has circulated throughout the country, details of intense interest respecting this man, and the daring adventure which has left him in the hands of bitter and relentless enemies, bereft of resources, and threatened with speedy death.

What is to be said of him, and of it?

First, and most important, what is to be said of his character and his motive? Is he honest or false, disinterested or selfish, noble or vile? Was his purpose a good purpose?

The history of Kansas, reported in the newspapers from year to year, has told us much of the actions and the sufferings of one who was familiarly known there as 'Old man Brown,' and 'Osawatomie Brown,' and more details respecting him have recently been published in the *Atlas and Bee*, by a perfectly competent and trustworthy witness, Mr. James Redpath. The same moral characteristics appear, the same purpose is manifest, in his conduct at Kansas and during his late residence in Virginia.

In the whole history of this country, no man has appeared of sterner integrity, of truer nobleness of soul, of more hearty devotion to what he considered right, or of more unselfish desires and more assiduous labors for the benefit of others. His whole life has shown him to be one of God's nobility, and his serious, earnest demeanor, on the only occasion when I had the pleasure of seeing him, well corresponded with that character. His aspect and bearing, his speech and action took hold of the hearts of those who possessed any corresponding nobleness, and kindled hearty affection as well as deference and respect among his associates. He was a man to be loved and trusted as well as to be obeyed. Such is the testimony of those who knew him best.

His purpose in going to Kansas seems to have been to support his family by honest labor, in a place where he could also take an active part in confirming free institutions, and averting the curse of slavery from a State then in the process of formation. Disappointed in the first of these pursuits by the raiding army of Border Ruffians, who burnt his house, murdered his sons, and desolated his home, (and all these as mere steps towards the extermination of freedom, and the permanent establishment of slavery,) he seems to have devoted himself wholly to the second, and to have lived, thenceforth, with no selfish or private purpose, but wholly for the defence and relief of those who were yet more oppressed than himself. With this view he went to Virginia.

The picture of the Good Samaritan will live to all future ages, ennobled by Jesus as the model of human excellence for helping one whom he chanced to find in need. John Brown did more than this, and emulated the example of the beneficent Saviour himself, for he went to seek those who were lost, that he might save them. I know no more noble instance of the combination of disinterested affection with exalted heroism, than the voluntary consecration, by this strong, free, intelligent man, of all his powers, and the labors of his whole life, in behalf of the most needy and unfortunate of human beings.

La Fayette has won unbounded praise and gratitude, and a lofty place in the records of history, by volunteering his services in behalf of an oppressed people, at the darkest hour in their fortunes, and with every prospect of losing what he risked in their behalf. He offered his aid in this desperate crisis, and came hither when it was accepted. It was a noble act, and the glory which has followed his success is no more than he has fully deserved. But John Brown did far more. He voluntarily devoted his labors, the toils and sufferings of a life, to those who were so oppressed that they could not receive a message from him, or send an answer to him. The people for whom he was planning and toiling could not give him even gratitude, for they did not know of his existence; and each one whom he succeeded in delivering saw him only for an instant, as he despatched them, under cloud of night, through dangers which his care had diminished, towards a liberty which he risked for himself, that he might secure it for them.

Then the amount, and the sort, of danger incurred, how different in these two cases! The risk of life was common to both, but neither esteemed this earthly life his most precious possession. La Fayette had not only the consciousness of a lofty, noble, chivalrous position, the satisfaction of fighting an open combat, on the side acknowledged to be right, in the gaze of an admiring world—

"But the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

He was combating a civilized nation, which respected rank like his, even in an enemy, and which, in the event of his imprisonment, would have given him honorable treatment and ultimate release. How unexpectably greater the danger, how much more fearful the risks, to which John Brown subjected himself! Think, reader, what it is to go to live in Virginia for the purpose of helping the slaves! It is to pass one's life among bandits for the chance of being able to help those whom they have plundered

POETRY.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE TWO HARVESTS.

BY H. G. MACDONALD.

The wheat stands thick on many a northern field,
On miles of prairie gleams the abundant maize;
And for the stores that farm and orchard yield,
We pay to God our dues of thanks and praise.

We sow the seed, that straightway seems to sleep;
Then comes the sun, the frost, the wind, the rain;
And when the appointed season comes, we reap
With thankful hearts the increase of our grain.

We plant, we water—man can do no more;
The change begins from where our labors end;
Our toil would leave us as we were before,
Save for the aid of God, who is our friend.

There's not the smallest blade of grass or corn
Would bloom or blossom for our best endeavor;
Without our help or knowledge they are born,
And so it shall be on this earth forever.

The ways of God, we see but where they lead;
We cannot trace the working of his plan;
And as he rears the flowers that dress the mead,
So deals he with his noblest creature, man.

We know the bud, and have not seen the flower,
And all our growth we can but dimly see;
We trust as to his guiding love and power,
Secure in hope, though scant our knowledge be.

Faith, therefore, shall our restlessness confine,
Patience shall bear the storms that round us roll;
In heaven we shall learn God's full design,
And thank him for the harvest of the soul.

DOGBEREL.

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

BY DAVID BAKER.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
From the present up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or right—
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
Will never for a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it inco,
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the
brim,
Here's a health to the bottom dog!

THE UPPER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

BY JOHN SMITH.

The world likes success, and the mighty great world
The peasant kicks, and carcases the king;
I don't care a dime what other men say,
This is the song to sing.

The world gives applause to the man who succeeds,
And awards him honor and place;
So let us fill to the brim, and shout with strong lungs,
To the rider that wins in the race.

The world hates the fool, the sniveling fool,
Who scats, but fails in his flight;
And, talk as we please, we all hurrah
For the uppermost dog in the fight.

What right has a dog, the great world says,
To allow himself under at all?
He disgraces his race, and deserves to be kicked,
To permit himself meanly to fall.

It might appase the great world, the mighty great
world,
And keep everything well balanced right,
Were there no upper dog, and no under dog,
Could both equal be in the fight.

But for me, I will shout with the strength of my
lungs,
Nor for cavilling fools will I stop,
For the dog of success, that glorious dog,
Who looks sharp to keep upon top.

THE OUTSIDE DOG IN THE FIGHT.

BY JOHN JONES.

You may prate of your upper and bottom dog,
And blow an alarming sight,
But, as I've always found, the safest dog
Is the outside dog in the fight.

He never desires to be counted in,
Thus showing an instinct bright;
He saves his grinders for polishing bones,
Does the outside dog in the fight.

Mr. Bulldog may say, as long as he likes,
To damage his foeman's sight,
But the pleasant position of looking on
Has the outside dog in the fight.

Utterly heedless if in the strife
The might prevail, or the right;
The appetite's good, and tranquil the life
Of the outside dog in the fight.

When danger threatens, the rapid way
That he runs is refreshing quite,
And simply evades the sound good sense
Of the outside dog in the fight.

Then here's to his healthy and happy days,
Luck send him abundance of prog,
And drink to the hero of private life,
A health to the outside dog!

THE DOG THAT GOES IN FOR THE RIGHT.

BY REV. J. L. HATCH.

Now that your upper and bottom dog,
And your outside dog in the fight,
Have each had his post, let me be heard
For the dog that goes in for the right.

When a little dog by a big one is wronged,
He goes in—with all his might—
For the little dog! or lose or win,
Does the dog that goes in for the right.

He may, for a time, be a bottom dog,
But he knows, by an instinct bright,
That the dog that will come out at-top in the end,
Is the dog that goes in for the right.

He loves his case, and he loves his bone,
But he's not so selfish, quite,
As to care for no other dog but himself!
Not the dog that goes in for the right.

He will die, sometime, and then, you must know,
Having fought while he lived a good fight,
He will go, without fail, where the good dogs go,
Will the dog that goes in for the right.

So here's a bumper, with health and success,
To the dog that's my heart's delight,
The noble dog—the generous dog—
The dog that goes in for the right.

Meeting boldly every storm,
We would seek the world's reform.

THE LIBERATOR.

LETTER FROM LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE following admirable letter, addressed to a meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, recently held at Ellenville, N. Y. will richly repay a careful perusal.

WATLAND, August 26, 1859.

FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS:

Your aims, as expressed in your circular, and in your last report, which you had the kindness to send me, receive my hearty concurrence; and if you seek to advance them with candor and courtesy toward all, without the slightest shade of compromise with existing evils or errors, I wish you great success. With the thoughtfulness of increasing years, I find myself more and more prone to place small value on creeds and forms, not because I have no respect for religion, but because I respect all religions. Your circular declares truly, that the religious sentiment is 'the leading element' in man's nature. The forms it takes are seeds of precious growth, and germs of the future; therefore the forms, as well as the sentiments they embody, are among the most important agencies in the progress of the human race. They express what man is, or has been, and they also do a mighty work in forming what he will do, either for good or evil. In view of this, it is the duty of a wise reformer to challenge present forms of creed or worship, and ascertain whether they be living or dead, in their action on his own soul. If they are vital realities to him, he ought to cherish them as among the best gifts of God. But if he finds them cold, stiff corpses, or merely galvanized with spasmodic life, he should demand that the battery be applied to more useful purposes, and give the dead reverent burial.

All men do not perceive when spiritual harvests have become mere stubble. Because their forefathers found nourishment there, they, by mere force of habit, continue to bestow a traditional value on the dry remains, while they completely ignore the harvests that are forming anew, from the scattered grains their stubble once contained. Some, who are conscious of small nutrition in their spiritual provision, are, for personal considerations, timid about calling it stubble, as long as a majority of their neighbors consider it corn; others are conscientiously afraid of doing injury to the cause of religion. They have no faith that God will provide future harvests, and they fear men will have nothing to feed upon, if they reject the husks left from former years. Such anxieties arise from narrow views of God's government. Truth can never be lost to successive changes of growth; on the contrary, it seeds multiply in every new field that is sown. Forms, whether manifested in the words of a creed or in modes of worship, are mere bodies, but truth is a spirit. It may be said as truly as of the human form, 'Soul never dies; matter flies off, and lives elsewhere.' In some epochs of the world's history, forms are adapted to the spiritual wants of the community, and express its state; and so long as this continues, they are alive. At other epochs, society has outgrown its forms, and they stand empty, but venerable to the imagination, like stately abbeys, whence the voice of prayer and psalm once ascended, but now standing silent and crumbling in the solemn moonlight.

In such an epoch as this last we are now living, I do not agree with those who think the world is less religious than it was. It is only less superstitious. There never was so much truth, and certainly it was never so widely disseminated. There never were such earnest efforts to regulate human relations according to the principles of justice and humanity. Do not those who mourn over the decay of religion mistake concerning what religion really is? It is obvious enough that the world is losing childhood's great capacity for belief; but surely the matured wisdom and conscientious kindness of manhood is a better endowment. The forms that grew out of man's inner life in various stages of his social development have been continually changing; but by influences so imperceptible at the time, that history, without recording the passing footprints, merely shows the great distance attained at long intervals; as physicians tell us that every particle of our bodies becomes changed in the course of seven years, though we take no note of the gradual process, and only perceive that we are growing old.

The spiritual revolutions that are always going on whether we take note of them or not, are very strikingly marked in the history of the priesthood. Originally, they were the sole depositaries of all sorts of knowledge, and were to a depository degree practically useful in natural and political sciences, so far as sciences were then understood. They were the doctors, the lawyers, the chemists and astronomers of their time. If people had fits, they went to the priest for remedies, which he gave them in the form of medicines, mineral or vegetable, accompanied by a form of consecrated words; for the ancient belief that evil spirits caused diseases by taking possession of human bodies, and that they could be expelled by holy words, of which they stood in fear, connected the science of medicine closely with religion, and united the physician and the priest in the same person. Ages passed before a separation took place between the two, and in the least enlightened parts of the world it is not yet accomplished. But in Europe and America, it is difficult to imagine two classes further apart, spiritually, than physicians and the clergy. Astronomy also passed into the hands of a class of men separate from the priesthood. They sentenced Galileo to the Inquisition for saying the earth moved round the sun, when Joshua's miracle plainly proved that the sun moved round the earth. But they tried in vain to chain the emancipated science. Though they refused to look through Galileo's telescope, for fear of seeing things contrary to Scripture, the telescope carried the day against Joshua. In our own time, geology has been arranged before the first chapter of Genesis, in a similar way by the clergy; but, fortunately, the power no longer exists to sentence men of science to the Inquisition. Small would have been the progress of any of the sciences, if they had been compelled to remain hitched to the car of theology. They have passed out among the people, and go freely whithersoever the laws of the universe lead them; and now, if there is variance between the statements of theology and of science, the labor is put upon theology to reconcile herself with science as best she can.

In early ages, the moral instruction of the people formed no part of the priestly mission. The Jews, like other ancient people, slew rams and goats, and offered a portion to their God, with a form of consecrated words. But there appears to have been no public instruction till Ezra established synagogues; and even then, the teachings seem to have been confined to explanations of prophecies and expoundings of Mosaic and Traditional laws, for the regulation of external affairs. According to the record, Jesus conformed to the usages of the established church of his country; but at the same time, he showed upon men a more excellent way. He told the people that a despised Samaritan, whom pious Jews regarded as an infidel, was more pleasing in the sight of the heavenly Father, by reason of his human deeds, than priests and Levites who wore the law of God written upon their foreheads, not upon their hearts. He taught them that worship might be acceptably performed elsewhere than in the temple, and by the agency of priests; that the world was God's temple, and the holy of holies, where he especially manifested his presence, was a child-like heart. He instructed the populace from the hill-side and the fisherman's boat. He did not weary their patience by expounding old scriptures concerning the support of Levites, or tithes to the priests. The theme of his teaching was trust in God, and good will toward men.

As soon as Christianity became an established

church, with an established priesthood, the old habits of holy places and prescribed rituals superseded the simple worship of the apostles. The mission of the Roman Catholic clergy was mainly to go through a series of genuflections and repetitions of words arranged for each day and each occasion, like the rotation of the water wheel on which the devout Buddhist lays his prayers to revolve before God. There were good men among them, holy men; but as a body they were formalists, as all established priesthoods necessarily must become. Such instruction as the populace received was mainly through the agency of pictures and images. These were better than nothing in those dark times, when men had no books to read, and did not know the alphabet; when the Bible existed in only a few manuscript copies, written in unknown tongues, and possessed by priests only. A feeling of tenderness was awakened in the crude souls of ignorant peasants, by pictures of Jesus blessing little children, and some degree of refining influence was imparted to their coarse ideas of woman by representations of the holy 'mother.' They heard no sermons upon immortality, but in the church they saw pictures of the opening heaven, with thronging angels and ascending saints; and the yellow light from richly stained windows veiled the scene with golden glory, that to their childish imagination made it seem like a revelation of itself. Thus mourning hearts went away comforted by what was in reality a fabulous legend, embellished by the painter's handicraft. Some good was effected, in that way, as children too young to read words, receive some ideas from pictured objects. But the misfortune is, that the peasant in Catholic countries receive very little instruction in any other form, even to the present day. It is the policy of the priesthood to perpetuate ignorance, for they know very well that books are even more dangerous than telescopes.

With the introduction of Protestantism, sermons became a prominent part of public worship; but they mainly consisted of abstract theological doctrines, beyond the reach of reason, and appealing to Scripture authority for proof. The very basis of Protestantism was, that men had a right to exercise their reason in the investigation of sacred subjects, and the result was, that the sense of the Scriptures turned every way according to the spiritual state of the reader. Hence endless disputes about the Trinity, predestination, &c. There was a good deal of moral instruction conveyed in sermons, and it was a vast improvement upon the old system; but theology greatly preponderated over morality; and I think no candid reflecting person can deny that theological doctrines, both in the Catholic and the Protestant churches, have worked and are working immense moral mischief. How can people be expected to be better than the God they believe in?—and what horrible ideas of God are presented in many of the churches! What an impression is, for instance, conveyed to the mind by the line, 'The Lord in vengeance dressed, shall lift his hands and swear'!

The free circulation of books in modern times has rapidly increased the intellectual and moral requirements of the people. As the knowledge and practice of medicine had gone from the priesthood, and formed a distinct profession among laymen, so moral exhortations began to follow the same course. A multiplicity of lecturers arose, who made it their business to urge the neglected topics of temperance, anti-slavery, personal purity, the debasement of women, &c. Gradually, many of the clergy entered, in greater or less degrees, into the same labors, but the external church can never recover its lost opportunities. The people have become accustomed to hear better preaching out of the pulpit than they usually hear in it. The clergy waited for a stiff breeze of popular favor to fill the sails of their ship. The spirit of the age demanded steamboats that would travel into the harbor in the teeth of opposing winds. How much the people want leaders is shown by the spontaneous enthusiasm with which thousands flock to hear earnest, out-speaking men, like Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher. However much their popularity may be owing to talent and learning, it owes still more to their unministerial way of saying things. Their sermons are not cut and dried, where a large proportion of clerical discourses are very effectively dried. They take up the topics of the hour, and use the phrases of the day. Instead of preaching against dead Pharisees in Judea, they hurl their shafts straight at Pharisees in Boston and New York.

But though it is a very obvious fact that the clergy, as a body, are followers and not leaders in progressive movements, we should remember that the fault is not in the men, but in their position. When a man earns his living by the administration of truth, and has a wife and children whose external welfare is dependent on his success, it requires more virtue than perhaps either you or I would possess not to offer truth of good quality and quantity as the majority of purchasers require. A soul must be pre-eminently free and strong that can preserve its freedom and strength under such heavy pressure of temptation. There have been noble examples of moral courage among the clergy, and they deserve more honor than other men who have done equally well, because their relation to the public renders it more difficult. Are the Quakers right in saying that the relation itself is a faulty one? My mind is not clearly made up on that subject. Moral and religious teachers are undoubtedly necessary; and if they perform their mission well, they are the greatest blessings society can have. Throughout the length and breadth of our land, there are some ministers, of all denominations, who deserve this high praise. But books, lectures, and Sunday-school teachers now do a large share of the work which formerly devolved entirely on clergymen, and which remained undone if they failed to do it. Moreover, it cannot be concealed, even from the most superficial observers, that the external church of the present day does not satisfy the wants of the people. This is indicated by the indifference of a very large class about attending meetings, and by their drowsiness when there. Still more strikingly is it indicated by the restless seeking of other minds. Every where, men coming out of old forms of the church into the new, and going back from the new into the old. When I see in every country village two or three meeting-houses and two or three ministers, and observe how few of the people believe in any law of action higher than respectability, custom, self-interest, or legal obligation, I cannot but ask myself whether they receive their money's worth of moral or intellectual benefit, for the two or three thousand dollars they annually expend for that purpose. If we could measure spiritual products as certainly as we can the grain raised by farmers, or count the horses shod by blacksmiths, I think the result would show that a majority of the clergy had little claim to be ranked among the productive classes. I have sometimes found myself imagining a church where science might go hand in hand with moral instruction and devout feeling; where astronomical knowledge might be conveyed in clear, simple language, made more impressive by pictured illustrations of the movements of the planets; where chemical lectures, with suitable apparatus, might impart to the farmer, the mechanic, the nurse and the housewife many ideas that would prove useful in their daily business; where lessons of physiology might be given, that would help to keep souls more healthy, by teaching people how to keep the body in such a state as to be a wholesome tenement for the soul; where natural history might be taught in such a manner as to induce tenderness toward animals, and a feeling of protective fellowship with them, by the absence of which men lose so much pleasure, and so much improvement of their own moral nature; and where the past history of the country, and its existing laws and institutions, should be weighed in the balance

with established principles of justice and humanity; where the highest order of music, married to inspiring words, should form a prominent part in the education of entire congregations. I should like to see that character, mental and moral, would be stamped upon our villages by fifty years of such training. No money annually expended in our towns for stated instruction would purchase a vast deal of information on these and similar subjects, without at all diminishing the amount of purely moral teaching. And why should we consider the sciences as things apart from religion? Surely, they are admirably calculated to remind us of the loving kindness of Him who made this wondrous world. In ancient times, the priest-hood possessed such a knowledge as there was concerning astronomy, chemistry, and the laws of health; but they kept it to themselves, to increase their power. Why should they not now use a far more extended knowledge for better purposes? It seems to me it would enlarge their own sphere of thought and action, as well as that of their audiences. The long-tried theological teaching has not apparently produced the best results. Is it not time to dispense with it, or, at least, to make it subordinate to things of more practical use, and more capable of positive demonstration? These queries have arisen, from time to time, in the privacy of my own mind. Perhaps they are of little worth, but such as they are, I impart them to you, as I would in the freedom of conversation. If they have no value in themselves, they may suggest valuable thoughts in other minds.

With a blessing on all honest efforts for human progress, in every direction, I am,
Very respectfully, your friend,
L. MARIA CHILD.

TENDERED RESIGNATION OF REV. THEODORE PARKER.

At the close of services at the Music Hall on Sunday, the 16th inst., a parish meeting of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society was held, when the following letter from Rev. Theodore Parker was read by the Clerk of the Society, John R. Manley:—

MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND, Sept. 12, 1859.
To the Members of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston:

DEAR AND MUCH VALUED FRIENDS,—When I wrote you a long letter from Santa Cruz, I did not quite know what now seems my duty to write, for I did not wish to destroy the feeble yet fondly-cherished hope that I might one day speak from your pulpit again, and renew my ministry both in your meeting-house and your homes. Though the chances of a certain partial recovery and restoration to some power of work certainly seem greater now than before in this present year, yet from the unanimous testimony of skilful and experienced doctors, it appears pretty plain that I shall never be able to address large audiences as before; perhaps never again to speak in public at all; certainly not for years to come. Therefore it seems to me best that the ecclesiastical and official part of my relation to you as minister should cease immediately; the personal and friendly part I trust will never end. Accordingly, I now resign the great and important trust you confided to me several years ago.

Since my illness began, you have secured for your pulpit some of the best talent in America, and also, I think, its greatest genius. The services of so many able men do not doubt give you a greater variety both of matter and manner of treatment than any one man could afford, unless, indeed, he were a quite extraordinary man. But still, in your public preaching, you have no man who feels such a personal interest and responsibility towards you as would lead him to study carefully the signs of the times, and the various significant events which continually happen, and report them in sermons for your instruction; in your private life, cheered all over with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, gladdened by the new-born soul, or made sad by some loved one's departure, you have no one to perform that familiar domestic duty which is yet a large and highly important part of the minister's function. I need not say how often my heart yearns towards such of you as have been in recent affliction, or has bounded to share your new or accustomed joys.

Of late, two New England men of extraordinary talents and conspicuous position—which each climbed up to from the humble place they were born in—have passed off from this mortal scene, the pulpit taking suggestive notice of the fact; and I lamented that you had no minister who should feel it his duty to show you and the nation the comparative value of these two lives, so opposite and hostile in their chief characteristics, and so differently regarded by the controlling men of your town—the great, unscrupulous Advocate, whose chief aim was by any means to win his client's cause, to the great, self-denying Philanthropist, whose life was bravely devoted to the high interests of his nation and his race, and finally given up with such characteristic energy as a sacrifice thereto. Besides, another man has lately gone to his reward from the scene of his philanthropic work in Boston, who spent his life for the criminal, the drunkard, and the harlot; his function was to cleanse the unclean, to save such as were ready to perish, and to love the unlovely; thus making the highest words of Jesus of Nazareth his daily profession of Christianity. Though he held no public office, sat on no platform of honor in public meetings, nor ever shared a civic feast, he yet did more service, I think, to Boston, than all her Mayors for thirty years. Now, the able and conscientious men who only speak to you from Sunday to Sunday, will not be likely to refuse to Rufus Choate, or Horace Mann, or John Augustus, or any public event even of the greatest importance, while any large-minded and generous-hearted man who was your regular minister would feel impelled to use them, and every signal event of the times, for the furtherance of your highest interests. I cannot bear to think I stand among you and a service I may never be able to perform again.

It is not easy nor pleasant to close even the official ties which now join you and me, so closely knit and holding us so fast and pleasantly together when we have walked in steep and slippery places; but now I feel it better, for I am only a weight which hinders your upward march. I trust you will soon find some man who will fill my place not only in your pulpit, but also—perhaps the more difficult part—in your homes and your hearts.

Do not fear that I shall ever be idle; if I recover but partially, I have yet much to do in which we can still, perhaps, work together as heartily as before, though without any official connection. I know you will not think I shall ever lose the gratitude and affection I have so long felt towards you; for we have wept and prayed together, have been joyous with each other, jointly sharing the deep feelings and lofty ideas of absolute religion, and attending also to its works; and the memory of this will never fade out from your consciousness or mine. Let us be thankful to the dear God for all the good the past has brought us. And now for the future also, may ours be the absolute trust that Indefinite Perfection which is Father and Mother to us all—the Truth that prevails, the Hope that endures, and the Love which never fails. So hopes and prays affectionately and faithfully,
Your friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

The reading of this letter was the occasion of much sorrow to many, who had not anticipated so speedy and unwelcome intelligence. The meeting was addressed by various members of the Society, who all spoke against the acceptance of the proffered resignation; and the following resolutions, offered by Rufus Leighton, Jr., were unanimously passed:—
Resolved, That while we rejoice in the improved

health of our minister, and the prospect of his being ultimately restored to his former vigor and usefulness, we sincerely regret that he should deem it best at this time to sever his official connection with us as minister of this Society. It is gratifying to recall the hereditary talent in not wanting in this instance, and that Mr. Nichol has already distinguished himself by taking first class honors at Oxford.

The meeting was then dissolved.

From the Glasgow Commonwealth of September 24.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR NICHOL.

By the death of Professor Nichol, which took place at the hydropathic establishment at Rothsay, on Monday afternoon, Glasgow is deprived of one of her best known, most popular, and most distinguished citizens. For the last year, Dr. Nichol's health had been far from robust, and he had found it advisable to seek some relaxation from those labors which, in his case, may be said to have been perpetual. Even as an invalid, his untiring industry afforded little cessation from the mental activity for which the now lamented Professor was ever remarkable, and to the last he was engaged in his favorite pursuits with undiminished ardor and undiminished success. From time to time he had sought relief in the hydropathic treatment, from which he appeared to derive temporary benefit; but we now, with deep and unfeigned regret, record that the genial orator and generous man has passed away, and that he will no more delight his fellow-countrymen with his eloquence—charm with the grace of his conversation—inspire the youth with the nobility of his sentiments, or instruct and dazzle with the brilliant play of his ever-teeming imagination. Scotland has not had many citizens like John Pringle Nichol, and those who knew him will not soon expect to see his equal. He was one whom nature made good and true, and true to the end, the wise and simple, learned and unlearned, it was the same. He found his way to all hearts. His merry laugh, his genial wit, his consummate taste, his rare power of anecdote, his inexhaustible fund of information, his fresh and manly impulse, and last, perhaps not least, the genuine kindness of his nature, made his presence everywhere and with all classes most welcome and most acceptable. We should be doing justice to his memory were we to omit the circumstance that he had the singular faculty of combining the most opposite qualities. With a highly conservative and essentially old-fashioned nature, he could fearlessly launch into the boldest speculations of democratic speculation; and, himself the least of a man who would have sanctioned a breach of order, he was the fast and firm friend of even the wildest exiles who look on anarchy as the true solution of European difficulties. With the happiest and readiest wit, he could take the sting out of the most outrageous denunciations; and though differing from many in the statement of principles, it is questionable whether he ever lost the respect of any whose respect was worth possessing, even when he slaughtered their idols, or trespassed on what they supposed to be sacred ground. He was, indeed, a man of many rare virtues, and we feel assured that his departure has not taken place without calling forth the most widely spread sympathy. Many are the thoughts that during the last few days will have turned to the house set on the hill, but not one, we feel assured, that would not bear with it a kindly element of affectionate regard, or a sorrowful feeling of regret.

Dr. Nichol was born, we understand, in the year 1804, at Brechin, Forfarshire, and though intended originally for trade, exhibited so early a tendency to literature that he was sent to the University of Aberdeen, where he took high honors, and gained the reputation of being a first class scholar. He was then, at an unusually early age, appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Dun. From Dun he removed to the town of Hawick; from Hawick to Cupar; from Cupar to Montrose, where among his pupils he numbered no less than Lord Montrose, of universal notoriety. During his career as an instructor, he was to the students of the University of Glasgow—the observatory and the residence attached having, we believe, been built after Dr. Nichol's own plans, the latter with the peculiarity of a central room or hall, used as the library, out of which all the other apartments are made to enter. Of his official position, Dr. Nichol made no secret, and he was not without the acceptance of his duties. He carried vitality with him wherever he went, and lived his too-short life in a glow of industry quite extraordinary when the number of visits received and paid are taken into account. Strangers of distinction sought the astronomer almost as a matter of course, and Dr. Nichol not only visited America, where his lectures were received with unbounded popularity, but at home he lectured to delighted audiences in almost every considerable town in Scotland, and some of the principal towns in England. Only last winter, even when the state of his health could ill afford the exertion, he lectured in Hope Hall, Liverpool, going up by train on the same day, and returning by train when the lecture was over, being thus absent from the Observatory four and twenty hours—too fast a pace for life to last out to three score and ten, but showing the indomitable spirit that bravely battled out to the end, till the cold hand of death was laid on the earthly toil. In the midst of all this activity, Dr. Nichol never ceased the labors of the pen, nor had he the pen ever a more chivalrous follower. He wrote books, articles, treatises, lectures, biographies, learned dissertations for the grave or pleasant perusal of his friends, and he was not without the same success as he could discourse on comedy. What his rank may be among the Dryasdusts of science we know not, nor care to inquire; but this we know, that what the people of Scotland have been taught of astronomy, they owe to Thomas Chalmers and John Pringle Nichol—the one taking the scientific view of the firmament, the other the scientific rather the artistic—for Dr. Nichol viewed astronomy as the divine art, which displays the immortal wisdom, and reveals the harmony of creation. Whatever Dr. Nichol's scientific acquisitions might have been—however his stores might have accumulated through length of time and observation, he never could have been merely a scientific man—a tame collector of facts and ingenious frames of laws. Had he known ten times as much as Newton, he never could have been Newton. He was an artist rather than a cultivator of pure science. Science he sought truth merely—art seeks the beauty of truth—and literature seeks its expression. To art and literature he drew impulsively—not to science. Science was his material, but art his life. It is true that we must read his influence. A notable man has this week passed away from Scotland, but his influence will long survive, and it will survive not so much from the amount of knowledge communicated as from the impulse which he unquestionably gave to the higher studies that present themselves to the human understanding. In France or Germany, Dr. Nichol would have been a man of national renown; and though it cannot be said that Scotland did not highly esteem his talents and his labors, we fancy that the admiration was often bestowed on the things temporary and evanescent, while the genuine and sterling excellence was sometimes overlooked, or sometimes even misunderstood. As a lecturer, Dr. Nichol took his place in the very foremost rank. As an expositor, he was uncommonly successful. The lucid perspicuity of his style, his appropriate and well-chosen language, his ready illustration, his point, and, withal, a certain graceful and natural manner which accompanied his admirable delivery, made him once singularly entertaining and instructive. His lectures on the United States were models of instructive discourse, while good judges have always esteemed his astronomical lectures as the most brilliant displays that have ever been made in this country in the form of popular science. So accomplished a man is rarely met with in this country or any other. Till last occasion on which he appeared in public was, we mistake not, on the 27th of May, when he pro-

sided at a meeting held in the City Hall, to hear Kossuth on Non-Intervention. Dr. Nichol leaves to his widow, a son and a daughter by his first marriage. It is gratifying to recall the hereditary talent in not wanting in this instance, and that Mr. Nichol has already distinguished himself by taking first class honors at Oxford.

METHODIST MISSIONARIES AMONG THE INDIANS.

At the late meeting in Faneuil Hall, in behalf of the Indians, Wendell Phillips, Esq., said many things which were true and appropriate, but the following remarks, as reported by the Liberator, are as incorrect as they seem severe:—

'The Methodist Missionaries in Oregon found some way to get all the lands into their power, and then left off preaching to live like princes. In Kansas, we are assured, the mission stations were the haunts where Border Ruffians planned their incursions; one of their leaders being himself a missionary preacher.'

We are assured, however, by Mr. Phillips, that the statements were given by him for the purpose of whom he had considered entirely reliable, and that he is happy to know and to credit the virtues and labors of our missionaries.

We have no doubt that Mr. Phillips was misinformed. The first company of missionaries from the M. E. Church were Jason Lee, Daniel Lee, and Mr. Shepherd. They went by land on the call of the Indian Chiefs, who had come over the mountains and through the wilderness, begging that white men would return with them, and instruct them and their people in the arts of civilization and the way to heaven.

The selection of these men was a happy one. Mr. Shepherd died early, a severe sufferer; Jason Lee, after years of extreme toil, broke down his iron constitution, and died a poor man. Daniel Lee, after a long siege of labor and perplexity, returned in feeble health, only in the reward of the faithful. Other men good and true were sent to their aid, and still others to supply their places, but not to 'live like princes.' They have been hard working men, laboring for that 'which perisheth not.'

It may be proper to remark that Oregon is a great country, and that it is hardly a supposable case that a few missionaries could, if dispersed, get possession of all the lands, or of any considerable part of them, and it is certain that they did not. It may be that more than one of them has become a farmer, but the only instance within our knowledge is that of Rev. Dr. Leslie. He went many years ago from the New England States, and continued in the missionary work till his health failed, and he was obliged to leave labor and exposure, and, perhaps, somewhat the loss of a daughter, who was murdered by hostile Indians while on a journey.

We believe his example as a Christian and a man of business is beneficial to the Indians. We learn that he gets a good living, and we are sure that none would hinder or envy him. We will add in relation to missionaries in Oregon, that the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church would not allow its ministers to pursue the course reported to Mr. Phillips.

To sustain the honor of the M. E. Church in Kansas, it is proper to remark that some of the Indian missions in that Territory are in charge of the Church South. The notorious Johnson was one of their missionaries. There might have been another who was no better. But they were not of us, and of course we are not responsible for them. We abhor their conduct as much as any one can, and for their personal condemnation we would gladly add ourselves of the eloquence of Wendell Phillips.

But we have reason to be proud of the doings of our own men, as representatives of whom and among the foremost of freedom's champions are Lorrey, Denison, Goodnow, Dennis, Gen. Lane and Dr. Day.—*Zion's Herald.*

LANDS FOR SALE.

A LARGE number of parcels of land are hereby offered for sale to persons of liberal and reforming liberal tendencies, sympathizing with the fundamental principles of the Hopedale Community. These parcels, lying in and contiguous to the village of Hopedale, Milford, Mass., and constituting a part of the original Community Domain, are of different sizes, ranging from two to twenty acres, and present a good variety of village and pasture, together with some woodland—most of the village being under a high state of cultivation—and are designed either for simple building lots, or for small farms, or as an unencumbered Milling privilege, rendering the location a favorable one for mechanics either to commence or continue a business, and especially for those who may desire to combine with their usual avocations such horticultural employment as health, measure, or profit may dictate. For persons who may desire for themselves and families the superior moral and social influences of Hopedale, or who may wish to secure for their children the advantages of the Hopedale Home School—a flourishing institution of the highest character in its general character and in its methods of instruction, designed to aid in the attainment of thorough, symmetrical, and practical Education—will find here unusual inducements for making themselves at